THE

Taming of the Shr

Actus primus. Scœna Prim

Enter Begger and Hoſtes, Chriſtoph

Begger.

ILe pheeze you infaith.

Hoſt. A paire of ſtockes you rogue

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the *Slie*
Looke in the Chronicles, wee can
Conqueror: therefore *Pancas pallabris*, let the

Hoſt. You will not pay for the glaſſes you h

Beg. No, not a deniere: goe by *Ieronim*
bed, and warme thee.

Hoſt. I know my remedie, I muſt goe fetch t

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough,
Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him com

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting,

Lo. Huntſman I charge thee, tender well
Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curre is imboſt.
And couple *Clowder* with the deepe mouth'd
Saw'ſt thou not boy how *Siluer* made it goo
At the hedge corner, in the coldeſt fault,
I would not looſe the dogge for twentie pou

Hunt. Why *Belman* is as good as he my L
He cried vpon it at the meereſt loſſe,
And twice to day pick'd out the dulleſt ſent,
Truſt me I take him for the dogge.

Lord. Thou art a foole, if *Eccho* were as f